

HalfLife: Survivors

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Summary: Witness the survival of other's involved in the incident that started it all.

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Authors Note: Well, this is my first shot into the BMRF Incident realm, so...wish me luck!

Chapter One: Another Ordinary Day

****Black Mesa Research Facility****

****December 19, 2005****

****8:25 AM****

* * *

>Subject: Harris, Male, 42

****Position:Research Associate****

****Clearence:Green****

****Disaster Response Priority:Discretionary****

Another day, another few hours of completing asinine tasks for Dr. Kliener. Bill Harris thought as he stepped into the shower of his dormitory. He was forty two, and showed it completely. He had wirey black hair, with multiple areas of gray in the midst of it, barely noticable to the naked eye when surrounded by so much black. He was growing sizably fatter at the stomach as the days wore on, but he blamed mother nature, not anything he was eating. Getting into the forties domain of age had taken its toll on his body, but hardly his

spirit or personality. Besides, he still absolutely despised waking up in the morning. Always had.

Another boring day, just like the rest of them. But at least the pay was good. At fifty dollars an hour, one couldn't get much better than Black Mesa. Or course, there were two sizable downsides to such a thing. For one, even with all the money they made, there weren't many places of which to spend the money at other then the various cafeterias, the rather lack luster "Mesa Videos", and the blasted vending machines which never, ever worked. For the most part, the denizens of the facility were confined to the labs inside, and were really only allowed outside when a large scale disaster was taking place, or the person had to attend a funeral. There were some rumors going around that a man had been shot dead while trying to leave the facility, but Harris simply discounted it as sheer paranoia.

Harris finished rinsing himself off, and stepped out of the shower. When he finished patting down, he quickly went for the drawers which contained his lab coat.

The other downside was that he had to work with someone as intolerable as Issac Kliener. The man wasn't unapproachable by any means that was, on the contrary he was a rather kind person, but he had little patience for mistakes, and often developed obsessions with the silliest things. He was also not a team worker, so he typically sent Harris off to stare at test tubes for an hour before calling him back to write something down for him. When he wasn't busy not a common occurrence he delighted in forcing Harris to talk to him about some subject which usually led to a fierce argument between the two. Kliener would then tell Harris to go off and never come back again, but would usually be calling him back within the next two or three minutes. Why his administrator had set him up to work with Kliener was beyond him. Why he hadn't set Dr. Mossman with him also had him confused, the two had a history together.

But there was no use in fuming about such trivial matters now. He had at least fifteen minutes before the tram car left for the Anomalous Materials lab, and wanted to enjoy a good breakfast before he left. He tacked on his tie, turned off the dorm light, and left the room, closing the door behind him. His dorm room was located in Sector A, which meant a tram ride every morning to the Sector B. The tram's were an interesting technology. During the Cold War both the USSR and the United States used these things to transport nuclear devices around the facility at great speeds over an electrified tram line. Their speeds allowed quick relocation of nuclear material in time of need, and the trams even had a loading operation that allowed it to load nukes into a silo. Today more trams had been built and modernized when the US government sanctioned the base to used as a scientific research facility.

Harris came up to the tram station and made a right into the cafeteria nearby. The cafe itself was bustling with talking, cigarette smoke for this was the only time of the day the residents of BMRF were allowed to smoke, and the sound of silverware clatter. Harris walked up to the breakfast line (thankfully without a line) and ordered scrambled eggs and bacon with a side glass of orange juice. He searched for a table to rest at, and found it near the end of the cafe. He busied himself in browsing the breakfast menu, while keeping a sharp gaze at his digital watch. When his number was called, he walked up to the breakfast line and payed the cashier. He returned to

the table to enjoy his breakfast for the remaining five minutes before the tram arrived.

With two minutes left, he exited the cafe, and waited patiently for the tram car to arrive. Just another ordinary day at Black Mesa.

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>Subject: Page, Male, 22

Position: Security Force

Clearence:Blue

**Disaster Response Priority: Protection of Mission critical materials and personal. **

Low Priority: Personal Safty

Alan Page sighed almost inaudibly as he followed Dr. Vance around his laboratory. Inaudible as it was, Eli Vance was a sharp man, and still picked it up.

"Now don't you go sighing around on me, Alan." The doctor said with a small chuckle "I didn't elect you as lab security so you could go around moping."

"Yes, sir." Page said, rolling his eyes.

It was his fifth day as lab security, and already he thought it as the single most boring job in the world. Everyday of his young life he'd wanted to be a police officer, to hold a gun to his hand and pledge to fight crime where ever it showed its ugly face. And now here he was...standing security in the largest research facility ever built. And he got lab security. He could not beleive his misfortune. The administrators were ones who handled job placement, and his had scruntized his background, and deemed lab security as the best position for him. It was all due to him being a chemistry major in his two years of college. He couldn't help that he was most intrested in that subject, and it got him into THIS job. Worst yet, the administrator who got him this job was the person standing in front of him, Dr. Eli Vance. He had opted for Page to be his personal bodyguard, and it wasn't exactly the most thrilling of assignments.

Absolutely nothing happened. He wandered around the lab for hours on end while Eli made random requests, or told him to leave for awhile. Leaving the lab was probably the most thrilling part he thought. On the first day he had put all his worth into it, all his enthusiasim into being a bodyguard. Needless to say he dropped this attitude very quickly. Eli Vance himself was very kind, and straightforward, albeit rather shrewd, but the effort that entailed working with him was almost non existant.

"Don't you get down about this job being so boring, as you so blissfully put it. We're conducting an experiment in the Anomalous Materials lab today, and we want everyone to have just the right attitude about it." Eli said.

Now _this_ perked Page's intrest. "What kind of experiment?" he

asked.

"We'll be analyzing a crystal we found in the deep Pacific, we're calling it "Xenite". It's made out of a composition previously unknown to man, so you should pay attention, I know how much you like chemistry."

As much as he hated to admit it, watching the examination take place actually sounded appealing. "That IS interesting, doctor. When's it gonna happen?"

"I'd say about twenty more minutes till that time. We're waiting on Doctor Freeman to arrive so we can get on with it, but apparently he's running late. Let's get to the trams, they'll take us to Sector C."

Page nodded and followed Eli as he left the laboratory. Finally, they were gonna do something that remotely resembled something exciting. And the best about it was that all he had to do was sit down and watch. How wrong he was.

* * *

>Subject:Bennett, Male, 48

Position: Senior Science Team Member(Administrator)

Clearance: Magenta

Disaster Response Priority: Destruction of Evidence

"..Has to be DIRECTLY on schedule...you..DO understand the full importance of this experiment...don't you Walter?"

Walter Bennett did indeed understand, as he had assured Dr. Breen many, many times, but the bastard never did listen. He seemed preoccupied..distant. He was never like this until news of the discovery of the Xenite crystal came out. Now he kept on looking behind him, as if paranoid, kept on biting his fingernails or mumbling to himself. He had never liked the man in the first place, but now he was simply intolerable. Always reminding him about deadlines, or perfection, always making sure everything was in place for the experiment. And today was the big day. Walter himself had chosen Doctor Freeman to do the testing, as he had the most experience with the HEV suit technology.

Breen seemed pleased with the choice, almost ecstatic, really. He hardly made sense anymore. At any rate, the testing was slated for 9:00 sharp, and already there were problems. The Xenofauna in Sector H had gotten loose again, and it took twelve fully suited up security guards to take them all out, and the computer equipment on Sector C, (where the test was actually taking place.)were having problems. To top it all off, Dr. Freeman was running late. Again. The man was brilliant as a scientist(kept to himself mostly, the man hardly ever spoke.), but not one for getting up on time. This did not bode well for Bennett, as Freeman was under his leash most of the time and he would be made responsible for his absence when they needed him most. Problems all over.

"Yes, Wallace, I've told you once, and again that we're ready for

this experiment. All we need is for Dr. Freeman to get the hell over to the test lab."

"He'd better. His job now depends on it." Breen said.

_And now he's playing tyrant. The man never ceases to amaze me.
_Walter thought. "I'll be sure to send your word,
Administrator."

Breen waved his hand at him, a clear indication to leave. Walter stood firm.

"The experiment WILL be successful. You have my word on THAT...Dr. Breen."

Authors Note: Next Chapter will contain the actual incident.

End
file.